PUBLICATIONS,

EAST LYNNE ON THE EAST SIDE

A MURRAY HILL RESURRECTION OF A FAST DECAYING DRAMA.

Rears and Laughter Still Aroused by the Stage Version of Mrs. Wood's Sentimental Novel Despite Its Archaic Absurdities-Other Theatre Gossip.

Ladies, get your handkerchiefs ready! is the attraction this week at the Murray Hill Theatre, and is drawing audiences unusual in size because so many middle aged persons wish to renew memmiddle aged persons wish to renew memories of their youth, as well as make comparisons, while the younger generation goes to snicker at the puling sentiment and to wonder where is the far famed humor. Yet there were tears and laughter in abundance at the Lexington avenue playhouse yesterday afternoon, that is if handkerchiefs be a safe criterion of the former and tittering of the latter. "East Lynne" has not yet lost its hold on some playgoers, notwithstanding its ridiculous romance and absolutely silly character drawing.

As is usually the case with pieces of this type, their humorous episodes wear the Hysterically jealous wives, stupid, stolid husbands, gay seducers, who are stond nusuands, gay seducers, who are dazzling devils, are the veriest odds and ends of the property room after a quarter of a century; but Cornelia Carlyle, exaggerated as she is, remains near enough to some original model to be comical. She is always the "guardian" of the household; she shore men; she is importingable controlled. the abhors men; she is impertinently curious and old maidish; and when she comes on in her night robe and sneezes she has her audience with her to a woman.

Yesterday she was impersonated by Miss Mary Horne whose voice, appearance and bearing were very well suited to the part. Miss Horne, was the hit of the afternoon. Next in order came that smiling villain Francis Levison, Eugene Frazier. Ob, what a bad man! Every time he said She's mine!" the audience roared, for the phrase that once did thrill our fathers has become a "gag" in farce comedy. Mr. Frazier did not efface memories of bolder, wickeder men who essayed the character in the nineteenth century. His best scene was his last, when he had his cigar lighted by the town "bobby," his hands being manacled, and when he said disagreeable things about Aunt Coonie's face. In the interesticate with his victim at Grapoble, his mings about Aunt Coome's face. In the interview with his victim at Grenoble, his silusion to the fruit of their unhappy union was spoiled by the long, loud wall of a child in the audience that had eaten too much popeorn. Mr. Frazier's exit then became a matter of necessity.

But Lady Isabel! What an impossible concoction of a woman. Why did she leave her husband? Why did she return disguised in a white wig and green specdisguised in a white wig and green spectacles? The answer is the same to both questions—because she was a hopeless idiot. Her husband in his obtuseness commands no sympathy and really does not deserve Barbara Hare. The woman who is made to elope out of sheer jealous pettishness had a deeper reason for her departure with the first lover who offered himself. Modern audiences could not be fobbed off with such an excuse; a more cold blooded desertion does not exist in theatriblooded desertion does not exist in theatri-cal literature; no, not even Nora Helmer in "The Doll's House," whose plea for personal liberty has at least some foundation, flimsy and immoral as it must seem to many.

William Bramwell was Archibald Carlisle, and he took his various bereavements quite calmly. Mr. Bramwell belongs to the Edwin Holt school of acting. It largely consists in repose, a repose that plosion of a mine would not disturb. Miss plosion of a mine would not disturb. With plosion of a mine would not disturb. Miss Edna Phillips has our sympathy. With hysteria, French accent and green glasses she labored hard. Twice she had to endure the singing of "Then You'll Remember Me," and both times sung a half tone flat. Luttle wonder she hated Barbara! Her convulsive grief at little William's deathbed—a meek 'kid' he was—and her own taking off in the arms of a phlegmatic husband and on a bed the legs of which wabbled with castion grief, were not without merit, monota bed the legs of which wabbled with casting a bed the legs of which wabbled with casting on use as is this young woman's elecution. However, she is painstaking, earnest and good looking, three qualities that have carried an actress far. She is a prime favorite with her audiences. But "East Lynne" has hovering about it an odor of Lynne" has hovering about it an odor of decay, an odor of some mouldy, disused cellar that has been suddenly opened by the Board of Health.

The taxing of dead heads for the benefit of an actors' fund is no new thing in this city. It was first proposed by Manager A. M. Palmer at a meeting in Wallack's Theatre about ten years ago and was put into actual practice for a season, perhaps two. It did not amount to much, though

It's good for the peace of Mr. Conried that Emma of the tribe Calvé has departed this country, else there might have been a row over the following advertisement, which appeared in a morning newspaper: Carmen with horses and trucks to work by weight to day or week.

It took more than horses or trucks to work the excitable French Carmen, as the Little Giant of Irving Place well knows. [This new title has been copyrighted!]

The biggest hit at the recent amateur heatricals in Annapolis was that made by "Bob" Hilliard, the promising sprig of the only Robert Hilliard, and a midshipthe only Robert Hilliard, and a midship-man at the Naval Academy. The affair took place at the Colonial Theatre and was for charity. The local newspapers praise young Hilliard as betraying more than unusual dramatic gifts. But if he takes his father's advice he will stick to the sea. Treacherous as it is said to be, it is not so uncertain as the theatre. Amen!

No man, with the exception of Max Hirsch, so well known to lovers of music and drama as Henry Schaad, who presided drama as Henry Schaad, who presided many years at the window of the Metropolitan Opera House box office and later in the same official capacity at the Belasco Thea're. And again with the solitary exception of Max Hirsch, no one was better liked and had more friends than Henry Schaad. These friends propose to give him a rousing benefit at the Metropoli an Opera House next Sunday night. The bill will be big and the audience likewise, for Mr. Schaad is deservedly popular with the public.

VANDERBILT, OPERA DIRECTOR. William K. Elected to the Office Left Va-

cant by W. C. Whitney's Death. At the annual meeting of the stockholders of the Metropolitan Opera and Real Estate Company, held yesterday at opera house, William K. Vanderbilt the opera house, William K. Vanderbilt was elected director in the place of the late William C. Whitney. Mr. Vanderbilt was provisionally elected to this post in committee before the close of the opera season. In o her respects the officers and directors are the same. The directors are George G. Baker, G. S. Bowdoin, George R. Haven, Adrian Iselin, Jr., A. D. Juilliard, Luther Kountze, Charles Levier, J. P. Morgan, D. O. Mills, H. A. C. Taylor, H. McK. Twombly, W. K. Vanderbilt and G. P. Wetmore.

Cincinnati's Music Festival.

INCINNATI, May 11 .- Cincinnati's sixteenth biennial May festival was opened to-night under auspicious conditions, with a chorus of 500 voices and the Chicago Orchestra of 125 members, Theodore/Thomas conducting, as he has for every previous event. The attendance was very large. Mine. Schumann-Heink, Miss Agnes Nichols, Watkins Mills and William Green were the soloisis, who appeared to place.

Tenor Burgstaller Salls To-day Aloys Burgstaller, who has been singing concert since the close of the opera sea son, returns to Europe to-day on the Deutschland. He has been engaged by Mr. Conried for the next season at the Metropolitan.

MISS ROOSEVELT DIDN'T BET. Congressman Longworth Says That, at

CINCINNATI, May 11 .- Nicholas Longworth, the young man of the very old and wealthy family of that name who has represented the second district of this city in Congress for one session, with pronounced success in Washington society, is back from the capital. He was asked about the reports as to his doings and sayings at the Russian Embassy dinner, Countess Cassini's bazaar and his attendance upon Miss Roosevelt at the races.

"Oh, those reports were not always exact!" he said. "But there were lots of good things happening that never got into the papers.

"Now, that little affair of the Embasey dinner. I had no idea that would be mentioned until I saw the papers next day There was nothing in it, really." While in the denying mood, Longworth

continued: "I never rode with Alice Roosevelt in her automobile, or with any one else. I never saw her drive an automobile. If she placed any bets at the races, I did not see her do it. I did not act as a waiter at the Countess Cassini's bazaar. I am not engaged to anybody, and I am not contemplating moving to Washington to live.

"You see, the House is in session until 5:30 P. M., so that prevents the members attending afternoon receptions and teas. The diplomats shine at the day affairs."

"One cannot be in public life and not work. There are hundreds of things to do. For instance, there are the constituentspeople you never knew were on your side until you meet them in Washington. They send in about a bushel of cards every day And then the committee meetings. There is very little time for society.

CAUSE OF THE ELEVATED SMASH Not Defective Machinery, Railroad Com-

mission Hears Crews Testify. The State Railroad Commissioners con tinued vesterday their investigation into the cause of Monday's Third avenue elevated railroad accident. Charles E. Barnes, the board's electrical expert, and members of the crews of the trains in the collision

were the witnesses.
W. J. Smith, rear guard of the first train, testified that he saw Motorman Cornell make frantic motions with his hand, as though to turn on the brakes, just before the smash came. He didn't notice the motorman until Cornell's train was within thirty feet of the rear end of his train. As far as he could tell, he said, Cornell started

to put on the brakes too late. Augustus Tillman, conductor of Cornell's train, said that it coasted down the grade after leaving Fifty-ninth street, the current having been shut off. Edward Gibbs, motorman of the first train, told the board that he had never known Cornell to have a sick day during the twenty years of their acquaintance. Gibbs also testified that he acquaintance. Gibbs also testified that he had never had trouble in stopping his

"As soon as the smash occurred I went through the train to help the passengers," said Gibbs. "None of them complained of being hurt. We had one gentleman who was drunk and he wasn't even knocked off his seat. We had to wake him up after the accident." Commissioner Dickey said that he un-

derstood that Supt. Hedley had told reporters that he was opposed to having two motormen on a train.

motormen on a train.

"I am strongly opposed to the introduction of two men into a motor car," said Mr. Hedley. "One man has very little work, and we want him to keep his eyes on the track directly ahead of him. We don't want any conversation. If two men were there they would be likely to engage in conversation and look at each other instead of ahead."

Expert Barnes said that he formation of the same and that he want have a said that he want has been a said that he want have a said that he want has the said that he want has been a said that he want has the said that he want him to keep his eyes on the track directly ahead of him. We don't want any conversation. If two men were there they would be likely to engage in conversation and look at each other had been said that he want had the want had the

instead of ahead."

Expert Barnes said that he found the controller of Cornell's car in perfect order. The reverse lever was set at "forward," indicating that the machine would have been in operation had there been a current. The cars of the train were in good general condition and of an improved pattern. condition and of an improved pattern. Supt. Hedley said yesterday that experi-ments are being made on the Third avenue line to perfect a new controlling device.

This device will shut off the current and set the brakes if the motorman lets go the

The board's investigation will be con-

STRENUOUS. Why Billy Keegan, Aching to Hustle, Tried

to Descend Nine Stories. Billy Keegan, red headed, freckle faced and very angry, was taken into the Children's Court yesterday morning and told to explain to the judge why he had tried to run away from the Mission of the Immaculate Conception, where he had been spending the last five months. Billy was spending the last five months. Billy was so anxious to stop troubling the good eisters at the Mission that he tried to make a rope of the sheets and drop from a ninth story window. He is just 10 years old. "Why did you try to climb out of that window?" asked the Court.

"I—I—the front door is kep' locked," explained Billy, angry tears flowing from his blue eyes.

explained Billy, angry tenth by the don't you know that you might have dropped down from that window and been crushed to death?" demanded the Court sternly.

"I didn't do it," denied Billy.

"I didn't do it," denied Billy.

"The Sisters say you did," said the Court.

"Well"—commented Billy, and the tears
splashed on Judge Wyatt's desk.

"A boy who'd try to drop nine stories
oughn't to cry about it," said Policeman
Kea'ing.

"Well, I ain't bad, I jee' wanted ter get out
an' hustle—that's all," said Billy.

"Billy's father," who has to work all day,
sent Billy to the home to be cared for, and
said he was a good boy. The Sisters had
no complaint to make except the nine
story scare. Billy was held to be further
investigated.

ACCUSES KATE CLAXTON.

Widow Says She Was Duped Into Giving Up "The Two Orphans" Rights. Frances W. Jackson, the widow of Hart Jackson, author of "The Two Orphans," has begun a suit in the Supreme Court to

has begun a suit in the Supreme Court to have the agreement under which the play is now being produced at the New Amsterdam Theatre declared void, and for an accounting of the profits. The defendants are Kate Claxton Stevenson, Marc Klaw, A. L. Erlanger, Daniel Frohman, A. M. Palmer, W. A. Brady, T. A. Liebler and G. C. Tyler.

Hart Jackson died on April 13, 1882, His copyright on the play would have expired in 1903, but Mrs. Jackson got a fourteen year extension. She alleges that Kate Claxton, by representing that she was the real owner of the copyright and right of renewal, persuaded her to assign her rights for \$500. Mrs. Jackson says she is ignorant of business affairs and that she innocently believed Kate Claxton's representations.

sentations.

She says that she considers the copyright to be worth at least \$150,000 and that she stands willing to return the \$500 to Kate Claxton.

Conried's Guarantee in Philadelphia. PHILADELPHIA, May 11.-Details of the

ultimatum presented to the local grand opera company by Director Conried with regard to next season's plans were made public to-day. There will be ten performances on Tuesday nights, beginning the last week in December. For these the guaranters have agreed to provide a guarantee of \$7,000 a performance.

Sealing Schooners Not Los. VICTORIA, B. C., May 11.-The sealing schooners Triumph and Umbrins, which had been missing for two months and were given up as lost, are reported safe.

CLARE LEROY, FICTIONIST.

EIGHT-YEAR-OLD UPSETS WHOLE POLICE STATION.

He and Sister Opal Fell Out of the Window of an Elevated Car and Sister Was in the Hospital and Mamma Was Lost-He Has Stirred Up Other Cities. Policeman Brady of the Charles street station was leaning against an elevated

pillar at Christopher and Greenwich streets yesterday afternoon when a blue eyed, fair haired boy ran up and grabbed his hand. There were tears in the boy's eyes and he sobbed as the cop patted his head.

"Oh, mister, take me to my mamma," cried the boy. "My sister is awful hurt. She fell out of one of those car windows, and so did I." The boy pointed to a passing elevated

train overhead. The cop opened his eyes and became interested. "You fell from a train?" queried the cop.

"Where and how?" "Up the street a couple of blocks," said the boy. "Sister's in the hospital. A man with a white cap and white pants said she was going to die. He took her away in a wagon,"

"He means an ambulance," said the cop, who had a vision right then of the trial room at Police Headquarters, and himself the defendant; "an' on my post, too. I can see trouble."

He picked the boy up in his arms and

He picked the boy up in his arms and started for the station. On the way the youngster narrated things.

"Me and mamma and sister, who is smaller than me," he said, "were riding downtown to see papa. We got on the train 'way uptown. Sister and me looked out the window and it was fine. We had a whole window all to ourselves, an' mamma held on to sister's dress. She said we orter be careful, but sister's fidgety, an' I said I'd look after her, too. But all of a sudden the car gave a bump and me an' sister went out the window, me holdin' on to sister's dress. Mamma screamed—I heard her as I went down. Then sister's dress ripped an' I lost her. She hit the ground, and—" ground, and—"
"But you ain't hurt," interrupted the

cop. caught me. Then there was a big crowd and a wagon came up clang! clang! and the man in the white pants and white cap jumped

man in the white pants and white cap jumped out. He picked up sister an' put her in the wagon an' the wagon went away. Then I looked around an' no one said nothin' to me an' I found you. I wonder where mamma is? She'll be cryin' awful."

The boy had finished his story when the policeman got to the station. Brady dropped him on the floor and the boy went over his story again for the benefit of Sergt. O'Mara. O'Mara pushed a button summoning the doorman and yelled:

"Send five men out quick."

The domino game in the back room was broken up and five cops rushed out buttoning on their uniforms.

ing on their uniforms.

"Get over to the Ninth avenue elevated road," said the sergeant, "and find out something about the girl and boy who fell from a car window. You'll probably run into a grief stricken mother and see that she is taken care of "

into a grief stricken mother and see that she is taken care of."

The excitement seemed to please the boy and his tears dried up. The five cops hustled over to the elevated station at Christopher street and questioned every person in sight. The gateman and ticket-sellers got the impression that a station house full of cops had gone crazy. The cops walked along the tracks to Fourteenth street, the next station, and then gave up. On the way back to the station house one of them called up St. Vincent's Hospitalon the telephone and asked if a little girl had been taken there badly hurt. No, there was no little girl there, he was told.

Meantime the boy had been questioned by Sergt. O'Mara. His name was Clare Leroy Ekinner, he said, and he was 8 years old. His sister's name, he said, was Opal and his father was Elbert Willington Skinner.

Elbert Willington Skinner walked into the station a few minutes later.

"Luring again" said Mr. Skinner, when

Elbert Willington Skinner walked into the station a few minutes later.

"Lying again," said Mr. Skinner, when he looked at his boy. The sergeant rehearsed for Mr. Siknner the boy's story

"Not a bit of truth in it," said Mr. Skinner. Then he told the true story. Clare Leroy and Opal were sent from their home at 326 West Twer ty-fifth street in the morning to school. They didn't come home at to school. They didn't come home at noon, but Clare Leroy had been known to stay away before and keep Opal with him. About 4 o'clock Opal came home. Her brother, she said, made her follow a fire engine when they started for school in the morning, and then, after he had walked her "way downtown," he left her. That didn't worry Opal much, for Clare Leroy had played the same trick on her before.

before.

Mr. Skinner, who makes brushes, and travels over the country selling them, said that about five months ago he was in Chicago, where Clare Leroy took Opal out for a walk one day. The boy lost his sister and turned up at a police station, as he did vesterday, with a story that his sister had been drowned. That upset the Chicago police, until Mr. Skinner came looking for his boy. In Washington, the boy furnished the police there with information that his sister had been kidnapped. Mr. Skinner took his treasure home with him.

CANFIELD'S OAK SPORTED.

They Won't Tell Whether or Not He's Sold His Gambling House.

If Richard Canfield, the gambler, has disposed of his gambling house adjoining Delmonico's, the transaction has been kept secret up to date. The persons in Canfield's confidence are not telling any-

Canfield's confidence are not telling anything about him these days.

The two men who are fully informed of what the noted gambler has done in regard to his property here, which Gov. Odell gave him plenty of time to dispose of to good advantage by delay in signing the Jerome bill, are his mar ager. David Bucklin, and his counsel. John Delahunty. The latter wouldn't discuss Canfield or his affairs yesterday or even admit that he kr ew the present post office address of his client.

client.

Bucklin spends most of his time in the cafe of Delmonico's. He was there yesterday afternoon, but had nothing to say.

The Forty-fourth street gambling house in charge of several servants. The shades are always drawn tight now, and yesterday the big outer oak door at the foot of the stoop was locked. This outer door has always been left open.

door has always been left open.
District Attorney Jerome said yesterday that he did not know whether Canfield had disposed of his gambling place or not, and did not know where he was. did not know where he was.

"Are you going to test the constitutionality of your law before you proceed afresh against gambling houses?" the District Attorney was asked.

"No. I haven't any doubt as to its constitutionality," he said.

EX-JUDGE HURD WANTS \$15,000

Seeks by Mandamus to Recover Pay for Drawing Jurors. Ex-County Judge William B. Hurd of Brooklyn is seeking a mandamus to compel the city to pay him \$15,000 as compensation for his services in drawing jurors during the six years he was on the bench. His claim is that the payment is mandatory inder Section 1157 of the Code of Civil

Procedure.

Assistant District Attorney James D.
Bell, who opposed the writ, charged that
thurd had been guilty of laches and that
the allowance was meant for Judges actually sitting and doing the work for which

the compensation was given.

Justice Maddox is to read briefs before rendering a decision on the motions.

Mrs. C. B. Alexander to Form Woman's Club. Mrs. C. B. Alexander of Hoboken has invited a number of prominent women to meet at her home on Castle Point to-morrow afternoon to organize a woman's club, which will be affiliated with the New Jersey State Federation of Woman's Clubs. LIVE TOPICS ABOUT TOWN.

Julian Story was in the coaching parade on Saturday afternoon as the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Harry McKane of Philadelphia. Mr. Story, who is in this country attending to his wife's affairs and painting some portraits, happens to be engaged just now on pictures of Mr. and Mrs. McKane. Mr. story is staying in their house, near Philadelphia, but as neither of his models was to be available he decided that he might as well come along to New York and enjoy the coaching parade. It is now definitely setled that the Ameri-

can prima donna is to return here next winter, although details as to the manner of The doctors who soothe the demon of drink in the alcoholic ward at Bellevue

indication of the approaching death of

patients. One of them described it in his way: "The great majority of alcoholic patients at Bellevue are truck drivers. Naturally, when they are delirious they imagine they are driving a team and are continually urging their steeds ahead. It's all right as long as they keep driving ahead, but the moment we hear them begin to back their horses we know it's all off, and we might as well order their shrouds. In dozens of cases I never knew this sign

The limit of the craze for trading stamp advertising must have been reached at last. Over in Hudson street, not far from Abingdon square, is a pawnbroker's shop in which the pawnbroker gives trading stamps with his loans, and, presumably, more when the loans are redeemed. To what tribulations this may lead those of his female customers who have started on the idea of decorating their homes with trading stamp premiums it is impossible to say; but it needs very little exercise of the imagination to picture a home furnished mostly with trading stamps and pawntickets. Some consolation may be derived, however, from the fact that the pawnbroking business is evidently dull in the neighborhood since it requires trading stamp premiums to attract customers.

There was a joke on Senator Gorman the other day which possibly the Senator hasn't heard yet. Senator Gorman was staying at the Fifth Avenue Hotel and the political reporters wanted to get an interview | and because we don't think so, too, he's with him. So a card was sent up to his room bearing the names of the newspapers represented in the Amen Corner that even

The boy who took the card up happened to be a new boy and he didn't understand the purpose of the card any more than Senator Gorman apparently did. The boy came back to the clerk with the message from the Senator that "he had all those Then, under instructions from the clerk

he went up a second time. This time he re-turned with this answer: "Senator Gorman At the Manhattan end of the new East

River Bridge a man is stationed every Sunday afternoon hiring out bicycles to those who want to ride across the structure and back at five cents a ride. The bicycles are painted bright red with the name on them so that they can be identified. Another man stationed at the Williamsburg end sees that the riders do not go any further. Since the fine weather set in the bicycle man has been doing a great business. The East Side young men who take their best girls out for a walk find it cheap to take them over the bridge on bicycles or a tan-

In Franklin street, near the Criminal Courts Building, a group of small Italian girls were standing about a tall peach basket and trying unsuccessfully to lift it. A passer-by became interested and stopped to

"Say, mister," they begged, "won't you help us put this basket on that girl's head? pointing to one of their number.

The basket was covered with papers and appeared very heavy.

"Why that little girl can't carry such a heavy basket," replied the man.

"Yes, she can—you just see, won't you, please?" they insisted.

So, to please the children, the gentleman

watch them.

So, to please the children, the gentleman tried to lift the basket. There was a com motion under the papers, the basket rolled over as if alive and a rosy faced boy of three bourced out. The children set up a shout and ran away laughing at the joke. The stranger laughed, too, gave the small boy a penny and went on his way looking fully as pleased as the children.

It is not unusual to see one or more stories added to the top of a house, but it is a little more out of the ordinary procedure when more out of the ordinary procedure when a building is built up from below. Out in The Bronx is a house belonging to the New York Central Railroad. It has been used as a despatcher's office. It was one story high and the owners wanted to add a story without disturbing the men in the building. Instead of tearing off the roof and building above, they jacked the building up until it rested on cross beams nearly fifteen feet above ground. Then they built in the extra story below while the work went on inside without interruption.

ELIZABETH, N. J., May 11.—As a result of many complaints recently made to the police, a gang of men has been at work all day covering up the display advertising of a burlesque show booked to appear at the Lyceum Theatre here on Friday night.

Billboard advertising here is in charge of a Newark concern which sent its men to cover the objectionable pictures. The profession without interruption.

The Telephone Building, which fronts on Broad street, occupies the whole western end of the block between Stone and Pearl streets except one little lot, 18 by 10 feet, on the Stone street corner. A tiny, old brick building stands there, overshadowed by the high walls of the Telephone Building on two sides.

Passersby often wonder why that small plot wasn't included in the big building. The story is that the owners wanted so much for the lot that the owners of the The story is that the owners wanted so much for the lot that the owners of the Telephone Building refused to buy the land, preferring to build without the full frontage. The chief interest in the tiny building, however, lies in the fact that the lot on which it stands has retained its present dimensions for fully 250 years.

Hetween 1635 and 1645 Cornelius Meylan owned most of the block on which the big and little buildings now stand. He had a house near the present corner of Pearl and Broad streets and he was a bitter enemy of William Kieft, the Dutch Governor. Kieft seiz ad Meylan's land, and Aeylan became a fugitive; but the Governor, fearing he had gone too far, restored to Meylan's wife, who remained in the colony, a lot 18 feet square, where she built a house. This lot was identical with the site of the small house at Stone and Broad streets.

When Stone street was straightened, a

When Stone street was straightened, a alice was taken from the let: therwise it is unchanged. It has preserved its iden-tity for fully two and a last centuries.

NOBLE BAND OF MIDGETS. Forty-two of 'Em Imported, Some to Popt

late a Coney Island Liliputia. Forty-two little people whose ages range from 50 years to 19 or 20 and height from 3 feet to 4, with an inch or so thrown in for good measure, arrived here from Rotterdam on the steamship of that name yesterday morning. They are all "professionals and are going to be features in exhibitions of one kind and another.

About cne-third of the midgets go to a Coney Island "Liliputian Village." As many more go to the World's Fair. The rest are destined for various summer museums and shows. About one-half of them are women. They are of various nationalities, with Germans preponderating.

The dean of the party is Olaf Olesen, a Swede, who is 55 years old and scant three feet in stature. Among Olaf's other distinctions, he is a grandfather, and his children and grandchildren are all in the midget class. He was a popular boon companionall the way over, drinking six or seven big glasses of beer and as many glasses of cognac caily and smoking heavy black eigars during a fair share of his waking hours. Only two of the party were seasick on the way over. About one-third of the midgets go to

WHISKERED ALARM OF FIRE.

ENGINES IN BROADWAY AFTER

HARRIS SNYDER YELLED. Con Saw the Thin Gray Line of Whisker and Hustled to Send the Alarm-All the Row Was Over a Possible Part-

nership in Cella Segel's Factory. A thin gray line of whiskers curled out f the fourth story window of the building at the northwest corner of Broadway and Canal street at 11:37 yesterday morning It was followed by other shreds and strings of the same beard, which, fanned by a brisk breeze from the northwest, flowed along the sill and spread to the casing of the next have recently discovered an unfailing

window. At almost the same instant there was cry that might have been fire from the lips behind the beard. The cry was followed by shouts of murder and police.

Policeman Upton of the Broadway squad heard the cries and saw the curling gray

whiskers. "Don't jump!" he yelled as he hustled for the fire box on the corner and pulled the alarm. Then he left the cross town and up and down town stream of traffic to untangle their own snarls, while he dashed up the four flights of stairs to rescue the score of girls that he knew were at work in Celia legel's skirt factory on the fourth floor. He found the girls fanning themselves for the heat was oppressive, because Harris Snyder, the owner of the whiskers,

in the room and shutting out that northwest wind. "Follow me quickly, in single file, and don't shove on the stairs," said Upton to the girls in quick, sharp tones of command, before he found out what the matter

was still leaning from the only window

"We haven't done anything. Take him, said one of the skirt makers, pointing to the rear view of Harris Snyder. "I'll save you all," said Upton; "but wome first, women and --- Are there any chile

dren?" "He's in his second childhood," said Wolf Segel, the father of Celia, also pointing at Snyder. "He thinks he's a partner in the business with my daughter Celia,

telling the wide, wide world." Just then the firemen reached the top floor with the first line of hose. In the mean time a lot more apparatus. Chief Kruger and the police reserves from five Kruger and the police reserves from five nearby precincts had arrived in the street below. Fire lines were quickly formed, holding up Broadway and Canal street cars, and scores of women and men yelled to Harris Snyder "Don't jump!" And he yelled back "Gewalt!" and "Hargern," and "Politzei," which caused an unemotional bystander to remark that heat and fright had probably affected the man's mind.

The string of held-up cars hadn't grown The string of held-up cars hadn't grown more than five blocks long in four directions before Policeman Upton and the firemen returned to the street and called every-

returned to the street and called everything off.

"The next time you see whiskers," Chief Kruger said to Upton, "don't think that just because a fire box is painted red and white it is a barber alarm."

"Well, they looked like smoke," said Upton as he tackled the traffic tangle again, "and the man was yelling fire, and the smoke from an asphalt melter on the corner went up and mingled with the

Upton as he tackled the traffic tangle again, "and the man was yelling fire, and the smoke from an asphalt melter on the corner went up and mingled with the whiskers so nobody could tell 'em apart."

Snyder, the man who caused the alarm, said that he invested \$250 in the skirt business three weeks ago and that he is a partner. The Segels, father and daughter, don't believe it, and told Harris Snyder so yesterday when he went to the place and sat down at the roll top desk.

Somebody swung the swivel chair hard around and Snyder shot on to the floor. But it wasn't that that caused him to yell from the window. He said that if he couldn't be a partner, and sit at the roll top desk, he would make copies of Celia Segel's latest style skirt patterns and go into business somewhere lese, He pulled down a lot of patterns from the wall and began to draw around the edges of one of them.

Celia screamed to her help to stop the infringement. A dozen women pounced on Snyder and dragged him from the designing table, but not before he had had his revenge. He grabbed the shears and designing table, but not before he had had his revenge. He grabbed the shears and slashed a dozen patterns into ticker tape strips before he went to the window and stirred Upton to action.

The Segels would make no complaint, so Snyder wasn't arrested.

PASTED SKIRTS ON POSTERS.

Elizabeth, N. J., Has to Be Modest, Even if It Does Make Baldheads Buy Seats. ELIZABETH, N. J., May 11 .- As a result

Billboard advertising here is in charge of a Newark concern which sent its men to cover the objectionable pictures. The posters showed a bevy of young women in red, white and pink tights. The men pasted strips of white paper across the pictures so that each burlesquer now has a skirt reaching to the knees, with red, white or pink limbs dangling beneath. Each poster now looks like a snapshot of a procession of typewriters passing the Flatiron Building on a windy day.

The theatre people did not know the signs were being tampered with until late this afternoon when the ticket seller noticed an unusual demand for seats on Friday night. Most of the men who wanted tickets were a peculiar smirk, which finally led the ticket seller to find out what was up.

Not only the billboards were visited, but also the barber shops, and every store in the city had lithographs in the windows advertising the show.

in the city had ithographs in the windows advertising the show.

The police would not tell who made the complaints about the posters. Chief Tenny says there is a law against such advertising in New Jersey and intimates that a strict censorship will be kept on the bill-boards of Elizabeth in the future.

Y. M. C. A. CONVENTION.

President Roosevelt Sends a Letter Regretting His Inability to Attend. BUFFALO, May 11 .- The thirty-fifth convention of the Young Men's Christian Association of North America was begun this afternoon in the Central Presbyterian Church. Councilman Bingham and the Rev. H. B. Masters welcomed the delegates. E. M. Robinson of New York started the discussion of "Educational Work for Boys." About 1,400 delegates attended the banquet in the city convention hall to-night. A letter was read from President Roosevelt in which he regretted his inability to attend the convention. He said:

"I believe with all my heart in your work, for you have not confined yourself merely to talking about what could be accomplished, but have striven in practical fashion to realize in some degree on this earth the ideals of Christianity." Rev. H. B. Masters welcomed the delegates.

Miss Cryder to Be Married on May 81. Cards were sent out yesterday by Mr. and Mrs. Duncan Cryder of 43 West Ninth street for the wedding of their daughter, Miss Edith Cryder, and F. Lothrop Ames, in Trinity Chapel, on Tuesday, May 31. Miss Cryder's only attendants will be her triplet sisters, the Misses Ethel and Elsie Cryder. Mr. Ames is a wealthy young Bostonia

Academy of Design Elects.

At the annual meeting of the Academy of Design, vesterday, Frederick Dielman was elected president; C. Y. Turner, vicepresident H. W. Watrous, corresponding secretary: Will H. Low, recording secretary, and Lakewood de Forest, treasurer. Two new members were taken into the council. They are S. D. Millet and Kenyon Cox. Quality

The successes that have been won on

foundation of cheapness are as scarce

as torrid days in Iceland and as unsatisfactory as soap bubbles. Real success only follows worth, and worth commands its price. You know collars and shirts and hats and gloves and cravats and other things whose brand or maker's name suffices to sell them. No need to tell foiks that such and such an article is good. Just name the name of the man who made it, and all you've got to do is wrap up the parcel and tie the string. Queer thing, this reputation. It takes toiling and moiling to get it-takes singleness of purpose and capacity to resist temptations to cheapen, but once you've got it its value is transcendent and can't be computed in dollars and cents. How infinitely better it is to build on a foundation of quality and worth than to chase the will-o'-the-wisp of cheapness, which leads you into bogs and swamps. "But my trade won't pay the price!" wails some timorous soul. Your trade, dear man, is what you make it! It you insistently talk quarter cravats, and ten cent collars, and half dollar shirts, and ninetyeight cent gloves, and dollar hats, and thirty-five cent undershirts, how in the name of sense can you expect your trade to ask for anything else? Try the other ! Talk quality, emphasize worth, lay stress on inherent goodness and watch the result. Cut loose from cheapness, for you are leaning on a broken reed that will give you a bad fall one of these days. Profit and prestige lie in selling good goods. Is any feeling so all-satisfying as the consciousness that your name stands for the best ?- for quality ? - for blown-in-thebottle goodness ? __ for stamped-on-thebottom worth? I guess not ! - The Haberdasher.

A better advertisement for THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL couldn't be written, so we appropriate the above.

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY PHILADELPHIA

NEW YORK

PATRICK APPEAL; 17,000 PAGES. Ex-Justice Landon to Argue It for the People; D. B. Hill for the Defence.

Recorder Goff signed yesterday the setlement of the case on appeal of Lawyer Albert T. Patrick, who was convicted before him on March 27, 1902, of the murder of William Marsh Rice. The Court of Appeals had announced that the case must be

peals had announced that the case must be argued within forty days after the Recorder should sign the settlement.

The case on appeal consists of 17,000 printed pages, including the testimony, the exhibits and the records of the Surrogates' Court. Deputy Clerk Welch of General Sessions read proof. It is the most voluminous case on appeal the Court of Appeals ever had. Assistant District Attorney Garvan had charge of the preparation of the District Attorney's part of the tion of the District Attorney's part of the

case.

Ex-Justice Judson S. Landon of Schenectady will argue the case for the District Attorney and David B. Hill will represent Patrick. Adirondack Forest Fires Checked. SARATOGA, May 11 .- Forest fires in the

checked by last night's heavy rain.

lower Adirondacks were substantially



AMUSEMENTS KNICKERBOCKER THEATRE, B'way & 38th St. PRANK L. PERLET OPERA COMPANY.
In A VENETIAN ROMANCE HURTIG & SEAMON'S West 125th St. Matinee Daily. ACTORS' FUND Charles Fromman will present the first time a new play. WITH AN IDEAL CAST.

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